

PAT SHEEDY, HE WON'T FIGHT

ANY FOOL CAN QUARREL WITH A DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

He's Feeling Wise Himself—If He Had Money He'd Quit Gambling and Fight Anybody—Being Frankly an Outlaw He Side-Steps When Occasion Arises.

The Hon. Patrick Francis Sheedy was asked by a Sun reporter yesterday afternoon what he had to say to the remarks made about him by District Attorney Jerome. Musing for a moment or two, the Hon. Patrick Francis said:

"I did notice the other day that the District Attorney honored me with a few parables. My compliments to him and say that I have none to hand back. Never yet have I got into a controversy with the District Attorney of this or any other county and I am too old to begin now. I see no reason why I should engage in any such controversy. If I won, I'd lose, and where would your Uncle Patrick come in on a game like that?"

"No, me boy, not any in mine, thank you. I have no drag like that of the District Attorney. If you ever thought about it, the office carries with it a bit of power, and the man who holds it plays the cards of his game too well for me to play with him. If he'd play my game, maybe I'd have a chance, but at his game? I wouldn't have a chance on earth. I'd start with no standing, and a fellow who starts with that handicap is a fool to go to the post."

"And, besides, what have I got to argue with him about? I haven't got any houses or lands or art galleries, and God knows I haven't a million or two. More than all that, I never went around with any badges of honesty pinned to me coat flaps."

"I've reached that time of life when I've learned that the further you keep away from the fire, the less likely you are to get burned. The strenuous life may be all well enough for Presidents and District Attorneys and such, but when they've reached my age and the grand dignity of just a plain, ordinary American citizen, they'll learn that there's nothing in it."

"It's a great thing, me boy, to know when you're well off. That chap who's always in hot water may think he's happy, but he wouldn't know happiness by sight. So long as I can make a living, and give a lot of coal now and then of a hard winter to me mother-in-law and con me wife into believing that she might have gone further and fared worse, I'm satisfied to rest easy and not go around hunting for a controversy. Any fool can get into an argument, but it is a wise man that steers clear of them. Did you notice that pat I gave to me own back?"

"I've been a gambler most of my life and I don't know of anything of especial value that I've got to show for all the hard work I've done and all the sleep I've missed. If I had, you can lay all you've got that I wouldn't be in the business. The man who has been able to lay by any considerable sum of money, enough, for instance, to live on his income, and still stick to the business of an outlaw, is—well, his head is screwed on wrong."

"Do you suppose, if I had any money, I'd put myself in the position of allowing any man to throw a hod full of mud at me, as Jerome has been throwing at friends of mine? Not much. I'd get over onto the sunny side of the street so quick it would make you dizzy watching me. And then, when I was out in the open and in the sunlight, I'd take a crack at the first man who dared to say I was even not good looking."

"But a man has to have some standing to fight with men who got theirs on election day, and against such men a gambler isn't deuced up against four aces. No fight for me. I've side-stepped away from District Attorneys so far, and I'll side-step now. The greatest generals in the world are those who know when to retreat. My, oh my, but look at the conceit of me! But I mean just what I say."

"More than all that, I've got considerable respect for this man Jerome. Generally speaking, I think he's on the level, and the bird that flies on an even wing in these days is a rare specimen. But I don't want to appear to be throwing bouquets, so let me explain: I don't believe, for instance, that this man would be a man to the chair for the sake of his own reputation, even though he knew the man to have committed no crime. A man who, as District Attorney, will protect human life is of infinitely more use to the county than a man who will protect gamblers."

"But even men who are on the level may go wrong, now and then, and when Mr. Jerome, whom I don't know by sight, says that all gamblers are robbers, the chances are in favor of his being right. I have to say I have to say to him that he's making a bad tip. Some of them may be on the crook when they're broke, but give them an even break, with their natural percentage and that's all the most of 'em will ask. I am willing to concede that Jerome knows his business, and he may be willing to concede that I know mine. If he does, let him take this tip from me. He can play, and win, and I will not make off. A tip I'm sure for a living, but I've just to know of the man who committed crime just for the fun of being a criminal."

"I suppose that the District Attorney's remarks concerning me were brought forth by something I said about his gambler who has turned informer. I have no means of knowing who the man is, but I never duck anything I have said. Therefore, I repeat, that I do not believe that this informer ever set foot inside of Canfield's, and I say again that Richard A. Canfield is the greatest gambler in the world, bar none, and that his game is as straight as a Quaker meeting is solemn."

"The District Attorney seems to know a few things himself. He doesn't appear to have been born day before yesterday, and so speaking of his informer, he will, I am sure, pardon me for concluding that he is not unlike the Marquis de la Roche-Sheridan, I think it was, said: 'He likes the reason, but despises the traitor.'"

DR. DAY ON "CHURCH GHOSTS."

Hail a Century Will See Them Reluctant to the Altar, the Chancellor Says.

"Church Ghosts" were discussed by Chancellor James R. Day of Syracuse University before the Methodist preachers' meeting yesterday. Dr. Day said the worst thing in the world is a "sissy" minister. He asserted that while the Church takes great precaution against venial sins, he is seldom heard against such evils as the liquor habit and the social evil, which are both ancient and common. Stumbling blocks to the Church and no help to it, he declared, are heresy hunters, whom he described as hired men telling ghost stories to amuse children.

Another half century, Dr. Day said, would see present Church ghosts relegated to the attic. Higher critics are necessary, and the Church must be tolerant of them. Speaking of young ministers, he said that "the ministry was the last of the Church." The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley suggested that higher criticism looked as if a syndicate of so-called scholars were trying to control the pulpit and added that he believed the higher critics to be utterly foolish.



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ELEVEN DISBROW JURORS.

FATHER OF THE PRISONER SITS WITH HIM IN COURT.

None of the Relatives of Foster or "Dimple" Lawrence at the Trial—Rapid Work in Selecting Jury Indicates Speedy Trial.

RIVERHEAD, N. Y., Jan. 12.—The trial of Louis A. Disbrow for the murder of Clarence A. Foster, whose body was found in Tiana Bay in June last together with the body of "Dimple" Lawrence, of whose murder also Disbrow is accused, was begun here in the County Court House before Justice Maddox, and the indications are that the trial will not be dragged out unduly. Ten jurors were accepted this afternoon and one more at the evening session.

The trial of Disbrow is arousing no end of interest in this part of Long Island. Suffolk county has not had a murder mystery nor a murder trial in a long time, and little else than this case has been talked about by its people. After the afternoon session Justice Maddox expressed his satisfaction at the quick work done in selecting the juryman, and Rowland Miles, Disbrow's counsel, predicted that the trial would be ended and the verdict in by Saturday next.

None of the relatives of Foster nor of "Dimple" Lawrence, who died with him, were in court today. It is said that some of them may attend to-morrow. Young Disbrow's father, Thomas A. Disbrow, was in the court room and sat beside his son. Every one wonders whether Disbrow will be called to testify in his own behalf. Mr. Miles will not tell, nor will he give an idea of what his defense will be.

There were a good many vacant seats in the court room shortly before 1 o'clock when the bell of the Court House changed its announcement that the trial was about to begin. A moment later Justice Maddox entered the court room and promptly on the minute of 1 o'clock the proceedings began. There were a number of other cases on the court calendar, but Justice Maddox, after conferences with the lawyers interested in them, arranged to have them heard at other times.

Young Disbrow was then brought in. He walked rapidly down the aisle, followed by his father, and took a seat beside his counsel, Rowland B. Miles. He shook hands with his father, who sat within the railed space, and with his lawyers and seated himself directly in front of his father.

Young Disbrow's face was without color and there were dark circles under his eyes. It was said that he was ill with a sore throat and that he had required the services of a physician. This was denied by his counsel, who said that he was well and that his pallor resulted only from his six months' confinement.

George P. Lewis was the first talesman called. Lewis is a farmer who lives at Crab Meadows. He furnished more amusement than any of the other talesmen because he was apparently unconcerned over the court proceedings and insisted upon telling things in his own way. Lawyer

Griffin, who was assisting District Attorney Livingston Smith, first took him in hand. After Lewis had said that he had discussed the case somewhat and had read a little about it in the newspapers, Mr. Griffin asked him if he had formed any opinion in regard to it.

"Don't know as I have, don't know as I haven't," was the answer.

"Well, would that opinion affect your ability to render a just verdict according to the evidence presented?"

"I don't know as I would, don't know as it wouldn't," drawled Lewis.

"Have you a definite impression about it?" asked Mr. Griffin.

"Well, mebbe," answered Lewis slowly. "I don't know. I may and I may not. Justice Maddox then asked a simple question which Lewis asked to have repeated, then answered unintelligently, and finally admitted that he did not know what was meant. The Justice excused him and Lewis walked slowly back to his seat.

The next talesman called, Isaac W. Gould of Lake Grove, said he would find the defendant guilty on circumstantial evidence. Lawyer Miles excused him with a peremptory challenge.

Immediately after Gould was rejected Justice Maddox ordered the clerk to draw a new panel of sixty talesmen.

Many of the men who were rejected by the Justice were said to have a strong prejudice which would influence their verdict. None of these was objected to by Disbrow's lawyer, and it seemed apparent that many of the talesmen were prejudiced in favor of the prisoner. It was also noticeable that every talesman was asked if he had a prejudice against circumstantial evidence. Eight talesmen were called and an hour and a half had dragged by before one was accepted.

The first one accepted was William Prime, a farmer living at Huntington. He admitted having an opinion, but said that he would decide fairly on the evidence. Prime took seat No. 1 in the jury box. The next talesman called was also accepted. He is Theodore E. Woodhull, a farmer living at W. Long River. Two challenges were followed by the acceptance of Alonzo C. Buffett of Huntington, who is also a farmer.

Nathan F. Corwin, a carpenter from Sag Harbor, was accepted, as was the next man, Robert Jefferson, a storekeeper in Peconic. Bryan S. Conklin, a farmer of Mattituck, Joseph B. Corwin, an engineer from Sag Harbor, brother of a man previously accepted, and J. Ernest Howell, a Mattituck merchant, qualified in sequence.

Then a number of talesmen were challenged by the prosecution. After an hour in the evening, Mr. Miles challenged several talesmen, who were approved by the prosecution, apparently because he did not think the candidates of high enough mental standard. At 6 o'clock only one, Charles Pratt, a merchant living in Greenport, was left of the original panel of sixty. He was accepted, making the eleventh juror.

As the new panel drawn this afternoon was ordered to appear at 1 P. M. to-morrow, court adjourned until then, when the remaining juror will be chosen.

Proposed Monument to Gen. Sigel.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Representative Warner (Rep., Ill.) today introduced a bill to appropriate \$50,000 for the erection of a monument to the memory of Major Gen. Franz Sigel in Washington.

FIRE STOPS 2D AVE. ELEVATED

CRYSTAL SPECTACLE WHEN THE DRIPPING WATER FREEZES.

Fayweather & Ladew Leather Belting Plant in Allen Street Destroyed—Neighboring Tenements Vacated in the Cold—Firemen Endangered by Third Rail.

Fire destroyed the big leather belting plant of Fayweather & Ladew at Houston and Allen streets early yesterday morning and put the Second Avenue elevated railroad out of business below Fourteenth street.

One of the most picturesque shows of big ice sheets, icy stalactites, and huge grotesque knobs of ice that ever followed a winter fire in this city shrouded the ruins of the plant last evening with the coating of a frozen Niagara.

Thousands of persons flocked to the ruins to view the crystal spectacle. The outer walls of the building in Allen and Houston streets, which remained standing after the collapse that had wrecked the elevated structure, were coated with ice which was several feet thick in places. From the mass of torn down telegraph wires and pieces of wreckage hung great icicles heavy enough to kill a man if one of them should fall and strike him on the head.

The fire escapes on the Houston street wall were frozen. From the elevated railway there hung great festoons of jumbled-up and crumpled-up icicles, and the frame of the Water Tower 2, which had been abandoned by the firemen, stood like a great frozen geyser, at the bottom of which projected a great wheel of ice, four times as big as the frame around which the water had frozen.

Over all this show the firemen's two searchlights played for hours, and as the waves of light moved, millions of ice diamonds twinkled and danced, making as great a fairy spectacle as was ever seen in an ice gorge.

The firemen had fought the flames for five hours early in the morning before they gave up the hope of saving at least a part of the burning building. Then they turned their attention to surrounding property. A falling wall on the Allen street side of the leather factory carried away a section of the Second Avenue elevated railroad structure.

In the afternoon, the fire was discovered about 4 o'clock by the watchman and the engineer of the factory. A second alarm brought acting Chief Purroy, who turned in a third and a fourth alarm. By 7:30 the flames seemed impossible for them to enter the building.

In the meantime Capt. Albertson of the Elbridge street station had men turning the tenement dwellers in the neighborhood out of bed.

Battalion Chief Guerin, who with a number of men had been fighting the fire from the elevated structure, saw about 7 o'clock that the walls could not stand long and he took his men out of danger. Within a few minutes afterward the wall fell. The south-bound elevated track was destroyed and the north track was disabled. No trains will be run on either track until the entire structure at this point has been braced.

The men who were on the elevated structure with Battalion Chief Guerin complained that the third rail was alive and that a number of them had sustained severe

shocks. Acting Chief Purroy said that he telephoned the Manhattan Railway people to shut off the power and that they ignored him.

"I shall ask Commissioner Sturgis to take steps to have whoever was in charge at the time punished for ignoring our request," Purroy said. "It was an outrageous thing and might have resulted very seriously."

More than 200 families moved temporarily from houses near the scene of the fire last night to shelter that was safer.

The damage to the factory and stock of Fayweather & Ladew will be in the neighborhood of \$350,000.

HOT COFFEE FOR THE FIREMEN.

Warehouse Fire in Williamsburg Uncomfortably Near a Hospital.

Fire destroyed a four-story brick building used as a storage warehouse at 319-321 Bedford avenue, Williamsburg, last night. The firemen suffered greatly from the intense cold, and sympathetic neighbors made large cans of hot coffee for them.

Three alarms were sent in. The water pressure was so poor that it required two engines to pump an effective stream. John Garth, watchman in the building, got hemmed in by the flames and was badly burned before the firemen rescued him.

It looked at one time as if the flames would surely spread to the adjoining houses and the police ordered all the occupants of those out. The tenants huddled together in the street and encouraged the firemen in saving their homes.

In the rear of the burning building is the Industrial School Association, where 375 boys were asleep in the dormitories when the fire started. The children were all marched to the drill room on the ground floor. Across the street the patients in the Williamsburg Hospital were thrown into a state of panic by the reflection of the flames and the nurses had great difficulty in quieting them.

Funeral of Father McCusker.

The Church of the Assumption in York and Jay streets, Brooklyn, was yesterday morning crowded to its utmost capacity in the occasion of the funeral of the late Rev. James J. McCusker, the rector. Bishop McDonnell occupied the throne and was accompanied by Vicar General P. J. McNamara and Mr. John J. Barrett, his secretary. The Rev. James Corrigan celebrated mass and the Rev. Edward McGoldrick made the address of eulogy. Bishop McDonnell pronounced the last absolution. The burial was in Holy Cross Cemetery Flatbush.

The Anheuser-Busch Association. The success of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association began with 1865, when Adolphus Busch bought an interest in F. Anheuser & Co. The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association are the recognized pioneers in the bottled beer industry, as they were the first to bottle beer for export successfully.

Under Mr. Busch's skillful guidance the business has developed phenomenally, so that now the entire plant covers an area of about 125 acres—equal to sixty city blocks—and consists of a brew house of 6,000 barrels daily capacity, bottling works of 200,000 bottles daily capacity, ice plants of 650 tons daily capacity, malt houses of 4,500 bushels daily capacity, a cooling capacity of 2,500 tons per day, storage elevators for malt and barley of 1,250,000 bushels capacity, stock houses for lagging purposes of 25,000 barrels capacity and a power plant with 80,000 square feet of heating surface, equal to 1,750 horse power. The association also owns and operates its own railroad.

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ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS.

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Sale Wednesday and Following Days, 2 P. M. Sharp.

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Several handsome cabinets, hand painted Miniatures, Works of Art, Elliot tubular chime Clock, Dutch inland Furniture, Draperies, Screens, several Sevres Vases, Turkish Rugs and Carpets, several silk and Kirmanah Rugs, Marble Statuary, &c. The Paintings from the Barbizon and Flemish schools are excellent examples, the following names attesting to their value: SPARKS, R. J. DE GROOT, PIOTROWSKI, H. HOGUE, DE LA CROIX, TH. ROSSET, COROT, A. NEUHYUS, A. PIZANT, GEORGE MICHEL, B. LAGUNA, MME. BILDIERS VAN ROOSE, LOUIS APAL, DE HAVEN.

CUT AND STAR AT A WEDDING.

Three Men Stay to Fight With Knives After Others Fleed.

There was a Slav wedding at Constable Hook on Sunday night, and early yesterday morning when the festivities were gayest and all of the men aspired to dance with the bride, a fight occurred. Half a dozen men drew knives and slashed at each other. The women screamed and fled and the band escaped by an outside staircase.

The police found Peter Kienicki, Alexander Jankovsky and Joseph Growski still fighting, each armed with a knife. The men had at least twenty stab wounds on the face and body and were covered with blood. They were fined \$20 each by Recorder Lazarus who was unable to learn who was to blame.

Woman a Health Inspector.

ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 12.—The Civic Sanitation Association of the Oranges has appointed Miss Wilson, who has until recently been connected with a sanitarium for consumptives in Denver, Col., to be a health inspector in Orange. She will teach better methods of sanitation and aid in the prevention of the spread of tuberculosis.

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